

After all these fighting days were over, and we had completed the burying of the dead orders came to "hitch up". We moved out to the road taking the pike toward Murfreesboro. Crossed the Stone River to its south side, by a temporary bridge. The waters at this point of crossing of this crooked stream ran nearly due east. We came into a short distance from the bridge, a camping place, a little way off from the pike eastward.

This was a very pleasing spot on a gentle rising ground where at one time had been a fine forest of oak trees many of these oaks and some elm trees still standing. On the edge of this woods was a small clearing into which, Stokes moved the Battery, in the afternoon, of Tuesday, the 6th, a cool blustering winter's day.

This location was known as the old John Bell farm, or place. One can remember the Bell and Everett; Douglas and Johnson: Breckinridge and Lane, ticket which was in the field when Lincoln and Hardin were elected in 1860

Our wagons loaded with provisions and our tents came back safely from the rear.

The old Sibley's we pitched facing to the north; the same and we recieved and opened for the first time, at camp Douglas; from which protection we had derived no comfort from the rain and winter's storms, since leaving Overalls' creek before the commencement of the fight. We, the rank and file, did not expect nor, do I believe, the captain knew beforehand that we should remain in this location and occupy this ground, or that we were assigned this post for our permanent winter quarters.

For many days after the battle my ^{ears ring} ~~ears~~ very constantly with the soung of the guns. Whether the concussion in the massing of so many heavy guns in Friday's engagement, or sleeping on the ground or from general

exponents and hardships of many campaigns, I cannot tell but I never have gained my hearing since.

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We soon fell into the regular ways of camp life again; after having so many broken days and sleepless nights and the excitements on the field.

Up to the time of our arrival in Nashville we had been an unattached Battery. On Stokes' suggestion he had attained a commission at Bowling Green, to move the organization to the front.

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This movement I have ahead described.

At Nashville we were attached to and served in the Pioneer Brigade. Commanded during the Stone River campaign, by Colonel St. Clair Morton. He was a graduate from West Point and an engineer. A fine looking fellow: clear complexion; long silken auburn hair; tall and graceful in person, every inch a gentleman. It was a pleasure to see him, accompanied by his staff, ride up to and dismount at our headquarters, as was his custom, after we settled in this camp. I shall not have a better place to note the following items of St. Clair Morton. He was made a brigadier general at this battle, and was killed in an assault on Petersburg, Va. the following year. Under his direction it is probable, the mud fort on the south side of the river near the bridge and other fortifications in the vicinity of our camp were executed by his Brigade, during the winter and spring months.

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About the first thing in this camp we talked of among ourselves, around our campfires of an evening, were of course the battle; for it was our first engagement; The prospects the future; and Lincoln's Proclamation. To my mind, I at the time thought it was premature in its operation.

As soon as the nigger was given the musket and assigned to duty in the field, at that moment it was the same as putting a bullet into his head.

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And where we, as a nation, made the mistake, not Lincoln, in freeing the nigger, but in our allowing him to become an equal in fighting the United States Battles of the Civil War.

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When that issue was made: he was as a free man, sure to come to the front.

If he fought our battles, whether he fought bravely or not then the access to the ballot box was his sight, and his especial privileges.

Very soon after the Emancipation Proclamation and camp was filled with wagons of camp discription. The most intelligent and apt ones were selected, and one assigned for camp duty to each gun equal. They were known by the number of guns they were attached to or employed upon. Our darkey was the youngest and blackest of the crowd. He said his name was Joe. So we called him by that name and he became very proud of the position of belonging to Number One gun; outranking the other niggers in doing the duties on the right. He came to Chicago after the war.

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and taking out the tail board of one of the wagons, would use this as a platform to dance upon.

part and dance at the same time, while the others of the crowd would in the absence of any musical instruments to play upon, be ready to join in on the chorus. These each in turn would sing in a crossing sound and dance and run "high daddy in the morning" and other song songs. Then after

This scene by the light of the campfires was enacted, and this crooning sound kept up, night after night.

They made, in their way, the camp more lively, and also helped and releived us a good deal, in the hard and dirty work of policing the grounds.

On our arrival at this camp and months afterward hundreds of turkey buzzards, sailed in the air, in every direction around and over, the battlefield, to pray upon the dead horses and mules left on the field; and possibly on the remains of some one left wounded on the field, who at the time had crawled away out of range perhaps, of the guns under cover in some thicket of cedars, and there died from wounds, exposure to the wet, and hunger, and in the search for such bodies, were not found, nor given a decent burial by the searching parties. This may account for the large item of 1027 missing in the official record of our losses; not saying anything about the enemies losses. Under this heading which must have been large, by the abandonment of their wounded in their movements of their right and left flanks, and, on the evacuation of the field on the disastrous Friday night. 9

There were many people other than the military who visited our camp during the winter About the first arrivals from Chicago was old Mr. Aiken who then lived at the about this time there were other arrivals. Among the number were Dwight L. Moody, Mrs Liverensee. P. F. Jacobs and others of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, who brought down from Chicago, hospital supplies, for the sick and wounded. 10

I met outside the camp only brother Moody. He was walking alone in the direction toward the town. He asked me particularly about the battle, the winter's rain and if I was a Christian in the field

I told him the environment of the soldier was not conducive to good conduct. And that toward our enemy we could not carry out that Christian spirit, in the field, and fight, of the words---,"to love our enemies and "do good to those that hate us, and despitefully use us."

He left me with a kind admonition, for which, I was veru grateful in after years.

I could not but compare the Elder Aikens and the Son's greeting in my own mind on this occasion at the time of a meeting and a parting between my Father and myself on the meaning of leaving Chicago, for the uncertainties of the front four months ago.

11

There are differences in life: in person, and in families. I am mindful, as a son, I received an inheritance from my Father, and perhaps old age, Although on my Mother's ancestors side, they were a long lived race.

In, and for, this inheritance, I will therefore attribute where it belongs: Those powers of endurance; strength of body; and that subtle influence of the mind over force, which conquers matter: These sterling qualities, so admirably fitted to the soldier. A generous gift from Sylvanus H. Stevens my Father, a degenerate son of his worthy ancestors.

I shall not have occasion to write of this subject, but once again.

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Mr. Aiken was the guest of the Captain, a great portion of the time while in camp. Toward both Father and Son, he, the Captain was very attentive and kind, a little out of the unusual, with Stokes.

And although Mr. Aiken was often the companion of the other officers of the Battery, he frequently took his meals with our squad.

A box of provisions came to some of the boys, from time to time,

sent by those at home. It was the habit and custom of these fortunate ones 12
to contribute of their stores, while they lasted, to the others not having
friends at home, who were members of ones squad, or to their friends
visiting us. With these home dainties, and choice cut of steak, fried 13
potatoes, and onions with which we heaped Mr. Aiken's plate, he very
grasiously received, and wondered at the bill of fare of the private soldier
in camp.

I will continue and follow a for items of interest in regard to
Hector H. Aiken. Some of them are of record, as a matter of history. He
was good natured, a jolly companion, a fair singer, and player on any
musical instrument.

Thick set, strong body, and a healthy organization.

From the Battery he was discharged to accept a position of Captain
of a company in the 29th, U. S. Colored Troops.

This regiment went into camp for recruiting purposes and the
general drill, at Quincy, Ills. On one of my furloughs to Chicago, I visited 14
Quincy, and by chance, met Aiken at that place.

He invited me to walk out with him toward the east end of the city.
where his regiment had established their camp of instructions, on those open
prairie grounds every foot of which, I was so familiar.

It was a remembrance--over these white clover hills and here the
wood near by, and the creek beyond, coming from the old abandoned railway
embankment, to pass over, led the way toward the Moores' and Shermans'
houses "on the hill" from there looking, to the north-east-ward, a view of
our old house on the farm, presented itself.

I had when the opportunity was given me, played here many a day
when I could be spared from my work.

At this time we as a family lived at the "Institute". O. Kendalls's

Bakery was located there in those days. Ok by the aid of the "Students" 15

labor, and his grasping economy, worked up his dough, at a profitable

O. Kendall and Jones establishment on the corner of Washington and Dearborn Streets. At the period of my visit on this furlough the soldiers in camp, were eating their hard bread. I remarked to Mr. Kendall on whom I called, on this occasion, that his hard bread was the poorest article issued, as a regular diet, to the common soldier, their defending the country to his advantage; than any other hand on the market.

He said he could not understand why. When I told him, the fact, that the Cincinnati hard-bread was the better of the two. I also had later on in life walked over these snowy hills morning and evening often during the winter term, attending public and a private school and boarded at Major Haltons'. 16

He was now serving his country in the capacity of Captain in an Infantry Company, located at that time on the unhealthy marshes of the lower Mississippi Valley.

Captain Aiken mustered his men, and put them through a brisk course of manual training, and military exercises, for my benefit. He said among many other things we talked about, that his men were devoted, affectionate, and appreciative followers, in the manner with which he handled the scene where on the page of this book, overlooking 17
all these scenes where clustered the school day, and other memories, later on in life- one for strangeness and suddenness at the time, came to my mind before we parted.

from Martin Holmes, the Captain, that I should be made Ensign of the command. In the company, I had drilled and marched over these same grounds, where I stood with Aiken and his troop.

There was a fourth of July celebration, by boat, to Hannibal Mo. I attended in the capacity of Ensign as I was promised. It was a pleasant trip, and I had borne the flag in triumph, at the head of the company.

On the discharge from the ranks of the Quincy Company on that celebrated occasion, I started on my walk home three miles away.

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In walking along the old unused railway cut and at that time near the city limits and near this spot thinking of the pleasures of the day, suddenly, I was accosted by a low fellow I did not know, nor, his name, who apparently was on the edge of the elevated and deep cut waiting for me, to come along and began, at once, to abuse me and call me names, on my presuming to be a soldier, and to serve so badly, as an Ensign of the Quincy Guards. He said beside, that my person was unattractive and my uniform did not become me.

Mother made these garments, and I thought at the time how much she had economized and worked so hard, to give me the days outing. Cutting out and making the pants and sewing on the braid for the stripes; beside making the coat which was cut by Bert the Tailor, on Main St. was a hard and intricate piece of work to complete. I started on a brisk walk to the end of the old railway cut, and gained the embankment, and turned to where my evil spirit should be located, in my mind wondering, what I should do to him, I was such a little fellow, but he was no where to be seen, he had vanished as quickly as he had appeared, and the interview was closed in person, but not in mind.

19

I never drilled or marched with the Company, from that time on. My career, as a fourth of July soldier ended here.

Mother removed the braid on the coat, and took off the stripes attached to the pants, and I put on these useful garments, and wore them out in the companionship of the cows, the horses, and the various uses of the plow the harrow and the cultivator, in the process, of raising corn to feed pigs.

20

It was often a question and a wonder to Mother, why I never more associated with the guards, and gave up the life and pleasures of the holiday soldier. If she had asked me the reason after this adventure, I never could have told her.

This was my last interview with Captain Aiken. He was mortally wounded on the field in the battle front of Petersbrug, Va. Where many a brave fellow officer fell that day. By the help of a bayonet he dragged himself, by a hand over hand movement, to a cover out of range of the ~~enemie~~ enemy's guns. Here he lay one night in the bushes, and accidentally found by a scouting party, on our side, and taken to the hospital the next day. His leg was amputated, but from loss of blood and exposure on the field, he died on the 23d day of July, 1864.

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With all his trust in the faithfulness of his men, they left him where he fell, to die of wounds, received on that tragic battle ground.

An item in history is here recorded, of an unprecedented loss in this regiment of any engagement during the War, and the other colored regiments partisipating on this days fight lost all their officers, either were among the list of the killed, or the wounded.

On the field after the battle, Aikens' Board of Trade Battery badge, was picked up by a Confederate soldier.

After many years, this soldier wrote a letter and addressed it, to any member of the Battery--In reply to his letter, was one made by Oleatt. To whom this soldier wrote enclosing the badge, saying it was no use to him, and that he was glad to return it, to those to whom it belonged.

22

It was Oleotts' painful duty to return the token to Mrs. Aiken. Mr. Aiken having died in the meanwhile. Oleott, said afterward, that, in all his experience in the field, or in battle, never was an incident in his life so distressing as this interview with the Aiken family.

The winter weather found us in our tents not very well prepared, protected for our winter quarters. The days were often wet, and the nights cold and snowy.

Doing guard duty it was especially unpleasant.

The rain would pour down incessantly, for the two hours, one was obliged to walk their beat in the mud. Then on the succeeding "relief", the storm had ceased, the wind crept around into the north; it was cold and boisterous en toward the morning hours, till reveille sounded, and the camp fires were lighted again, and the grounds put on a more cheerful appearance.

23

When the sun shone of bright days, we rolled up the sides of the tent, to let the air and sun light in. Several months had elapsed, during which time, we slept on the ground with such protection as our ribbon blankets, and cornhusks afforded.

Now, we floored the ground of the tent, with planed boards, setting these on permanent sills, made us a very substantial improvement, to our former way of sleeping and living.

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We received our first batch of recruits from Chicago, at this camp, and they were assigned to each gun squad for duty immediately.

In looking them over, on their arrival, I could not but feel sorry

for them; coming to us a crack and famous organization; they, without ~~experi~~ experience and everything to learn; especially, the disappointments and the crushing out of their life, all the better feelings of the man.

Some of these recruits made just as good soldiers, as the first enlistments, Others did not, and were very soon discharged, "for the good of the service".

During the winter we did not drill or keep up, to any great extent our camp instructions, such as one had practiced and perfected ourselves in, at Camp Douglas, and at Bowling Green; Standing our regular guard and ~~perform~~ performing the soldiers daily duty. Foraging parties were sent out regularly and we foraged a good deal for the horses, as well as for ourselves. Among other articles of food we made corn that winter, a staple article of dish.

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We brought in on the forage details, from the ~~sur~~ surrounding country, the pure white Tennessee variety, This was perfectly dry and well cured, of these ears the finest selections we shelled by hand. Each gun squad made up a volunteer detail to shell, adn bag, so much. This was given to the quarter-master sergeant of the Battery who carried it to mill by wagon. There it was ground by our soldiers, under a regular detail from the Infantry brigades. After several days, had passed the goods were returned ~~to~~ to us, excellent white corn meal. This was a decided change in our diet, from all hard-bread and bacon.

26

With our mush-we also had fried mush, in the morning for breakfast. Always having large ration of brown sugar, this melted made a ~~ve~~ very desirable syrup. The fried mush, and the melted sugar together with side meat, potatoes, often, and onions sometimes, with our good coffee, completed the fare quite above the regular order of the private soldier.

It was a noticeable fact, that few officers in the Army in the ~~the~~

field fared better, or as well as the city bred boys in the battery, who were infinite in resource by the variety of food products for table uses of which they availed themselves while invading the enemies country. Most of us notwithstanding the hardships of the service and the inclemency of tent life, in winter-quarters, and in consequence of this rest, after the battle, with some luxuries from Chicago, and our generous living, by taking the best care of ourselves possible, we became very healthy, some of us getting quite stout.

27

I could not at the time button the first two upper buttons of my pants, and it was difficult for me to get into my jacket, when called out for guard duty, or dress parade. These articles were very large for me, on leaving Chicago, for the front. In consequence of this increase in girth most of us stouter fellows came into the ranks in our undress blouses. We watered the horses twice daily, at the head waters of Stone River, a half a mile away on a level road from camp.

28

Our squad always had the advance. In going down morning and evening we started out of camp at a walk, in regular formation, but as we approached the river bank the rear postilions would break for the front and pass us on a trot, or gallop, breaking to the right, or left, of the column, as each driver pleased. My off horse I always bridled, in leading down to the water. He had when suddenly startled, a bad habit of kicking at the other horses, in making these trips. I could hold him up, and pull him by the bridle rein, in case the boys pressed too closely: then he would exert himself with all his strength in spite of my efforts. Many of the drivers knew of this dangerous habit, and in passing to water, in the advance, avoided my team, and a collision. One cold blustering morning Dodd, mounted in company with others, dashed by with their teams. My led horse started suddenly, struck out and hit Dodd in passing, a vicious stroke on the leg.. that I could not avoid or prevent. He laid up from the effects of this

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kick;--went to the hospital in Murfreesboro, and from the result of this wound never recovered. This animal frequently attempted to kick at me, when tied at the picket rope, during the feeding, and cleaning time. On one occasion he struck me, on the right leg, above the knee, from the effects of which I was quite lame for a long time. With the vigorous use of my whip, applied to his person at once, I overcame his desire or propensity to kick at me after this chastisement, but he was ever alert and high spirited alway. My attention was never diverted from him, when within reach of his heels. In my opinion it was this viscious habit, induced the owner to sell him into the army. He was too fine and animal for the service, as an artillery horse.

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Often in this camp, and a wonder to the boys, during the winter and toward spring, Captain Stokes would not be seen by us for days at a time. Covering this period the command was turned over to the other officers. Generally to the Officer of the day, who gave the direction to all bugle calls, by commencing with reville and the roll call in the morning, and ending with "taps" at night.

31

A word about bugle calls. As word of command is heard, in a cavalry corps, but, these various calls in camp, on the march, or in the fight.

In a battery formation, there are two buglers. They are enlisted men, taken from the ranks, having some knowledge of music.who are detailed to this duty, and position and practice, till they are sufficiently adept, and have the experience to give the calls with precision. They are exempt from all other duties, except in the care of their horses. We never had but one bugler in our battery, who completed his studies. He was a good one, and could be called a regular bugler, The second one detailed for this

duty, never could learn the calls, or fulfil his part, and after repeated failures, was returned to the ranks in disgrace.

32

All word of command by officer in camp: movements on the drill ground: or during the march, and on the field of battle, are repeated by the bugler by note on the bugle. These various "calls" are learned by the officers and privates, if they have an ear for music, and by the horses and mules in time.

All the details of, conducting a cavalry corps, in the field, may begin at the Generals' headquarters, where the notes are given full and strong, from Division Headquarters, and are repeated from Brigade, Regimental, or Battery headquarters.

The Generals "call" gives the information to all his commanders that the entire camp is to be aroused. And, followed by "Boots and Saddles Call" the entire Division is to mount, and move at once, no matter how long the Corps has been lying in camp, or what the move the General may contemplate,

33

I had an idea then, and am of the opinion now, while in camp, and previous to the time, that the Captain on the battle field, I have already intimated, took too many nips from his canteen of whiskey, carried on his person. Either from a fear of death, or the fear of a show to his men, of cowardice on his part, on the field, under fire from the enemies guns. Or, to keep his nerve and courage up to the fighting point, drank heavily, and this habit of drink after the fight, he frequently kept up. In this way I have accounted for his moods and absence, in other words he was drunk.

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With only our every day duties to perform, we all in the battery had a good deal of leisure on our hands.

Now that discipline was a little relaxed, we visited each others tents at night, when off duty and became better acquainted.

Each individual wrote home a great many letters, to friends, wives, or sweethearts, at that time the following advertisement appeared in the Chicago Tribune.

"Members of the Chicago Board of Trad Battery", giving their names, fictitious of course "in camp at Murfreesboro, Tenn, would like to correspond with a like number of young ladies, to make the life, of the soldier away from home, and the duties of the camp more cheerful and interesting."

35

In writing the commencement of a letter, one alway dated the communication 1862, whether of that year, or of a later period.

All other dates such as the month, week , or day, no one could ever tell, without a good deal of inquiry. Days , weeks or monnths, were alike to us soldiers. Time had seemed to stop, or given a halt, at the year of our enlistment, or, perhaps just begun, and why not, at the beginning of one of the birth-day years of a New and United Nation.

A few events and dates by way of comparision, may be noticed on the re-foundation of this Mighty Republic, in the Worlds history.

The shadow of the dregrees on the sun-dial of Ahaz turned backward
B.C. 713

36

Julius Ceasar proclaimed as Perpetual Dictator of the Roman Empire
B.C. 48

Mahomet, the Hegira: when that Prophet skipped out from Mecca to Medina and did not stand on the order of his going A. D. 622. And England named and known as Great Britain, was united with Scotland A. D. 1707.

There were several good singers in the battery,

Four were especially adapted in voice: these would sing in parts or, would sing solo, and play the accompaniment on the banjo, and the others join in the chorus.

At the gatherings of an crossing around our campfires often times all the members would join in on the choruses of the well known popular songs.

Such as these, were the general favorites: "The Battle Cry of Freedom" 37
"When Jonnie Comes Marching Home" "Who will care for Mother now" "John Browns" body", "Dixie" "Come where my love lies bleeding" and "June at the Gate", were frequently sung at the different tents, on pleasant nights at one sitting. While Packard at all times would willingly give the audience one or more of his lovesich songs: "Lorena" and "Annie of the Vale", were his favorites. His voice was peculiarly adapted to these airs, and in person could act in part. Or , Ed Tennel would be prevailed upon to give us one of his many Irish tunes. On of them was "Down by those dark archess thats' nigh the rail- 38
way: A very noisy piece and given in his rich Irish brogue, sometimes imitated by the other singers, when Fennel was not around.

All these meetings and gatherings were very pleasantly passed in these hours of song, to pave the coming mountainous ways and the long forced marches; an aid to the biting hunger, and the many hardships; to continue and to endure with a soldier's heariness to the end of the three years.

Often during these rainy wintry days we had many pleasant ones.

Perhaps the rains would continue uninterrupted several days at a time and with the cold the ground be frozen and the camp equipage covered with ice and snow; suddenly the weather would clear up, the bright sun come out, the 39
south wind spring up--a charm pervade the air so peculiar to the South.

On the nights of such days as these, toward Spring, and after the protracted moods of Stokes, he invited, a command, the best of the company of singers, not on duty, to sing to him before his tent, Similar idea of King Saul's when the evil Spirit of the Lord, was upon him, that he caused the ruddy stripling David to sing and play on the harp, to drive away the spirit

of evil. Maybe the King looked too often on the rosy wine, while the Captain gazed on Wilson whiskey--that's all,

When there was singing in our quarters a crowd was always attracted to enjoy the songs, and to join in on the choruses, but no one save possibly, the officers and the musicians met to sing or enjoy the music at the Captains head-quarter tent.

As the spring days approached the camp took on a more lively appearance..

Changed the picket lines for the horses to either side of the guns. Half the artillery horses on the one side and half on the other side. The harnesses were put on racks securely held in place by stakes driven in the ground, and poles strung along continuously, so that in the arrangement the harness was behind each team, The harnesses and equipments were frequently oiled. Having lain in the wet without protection during the rainy season had become dry and hard and considerably crusty,--same with our boots. And if there was any oil left over after the oiling of the harnesses the remainder was used in polishing up the foot wear of the postilions.

This was a frequent practice, the leather absorbed very much oil and this appropriation, of a personal nature, prohibited, on account of the jealousy of the canoneers, though no penalty in our case was ever enforced in its use.

There is a place in the Regulations named for the assignment of the blacking and the blacking brush, but the United States does not provide either nor for oil to save the leather of the postilions boots.

Situated on the left of the Battery, grew one of the largest trees in the vicinity of the camp. Left here as a silent sentinel after all the younger growth had been felled by the early shoppers, and later by foraging

wood parties, from camps near by. There was not a limb to aid one in climbing for at least forty feet from the ground.

On one of these spring-like days, I have mentioned, when the ground from the melting snows was wet and spongy, and the air was soft and balmy, I noticed or was attracted in some way by one of the boys, to Seth Ford, sitting at his ease at the topmost branch of the tree, and calling to the guard below. How he had attained this position without arousing the camp was the wonder.

The Captain was out of camp at the time, and on his return from a walk as he crossed the line of the guard, he saw Ford up the tree. 43

What word passed between the Captain and the undisciplinarian, I do not know; the sergeant of the guard never would tell, but the result was, that Ford came down out of the top of the tree, was put under arrest, and marched off to the guard-house, and sentenced to do guard duty and "carry the rail."

The penalty is extreme. A good stout, long rail is obtained, and placed across the offenders shoulders, and fastened securely to his person; the arms are then outstretched and the hands are strongly tied with cords beneath the rail. The victim of the Captains displeasure is then, in this position with arms stretched on either side of his body, bound to the rail, 44 made to walk his beat, in the front of the guns, the regular guard duty, two hours.

Then at the end of four hours, off, the treatment is renewed two hours more, or, as long as the Captains orders continue, if the offender does not completely succumb, or die before that time.

The agony of, this continued walk, the extended arms, and the cutting of the cords, at the wrists, amounts to such increasing torture, in little while, to a positive paralysis of the extremities extending to the entire body. The punishments of similar nature are not infrequently resorted to for the purpose of punishing the offenders.

This punishment is similar, to the one practiced on board of ships of the Navy; and the vessels of the old merchantmen, where the victim is seized up, by the orders of the Captain and made a spread eagle of preparatory to a flogging with the "cat", by the captain in person, or at the hands of the expert on shipboard.

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After this infliction of the penalty of this kind, for the innocent gayety of ascending a tree in camp, by private Ford, there was a horror and disgust of the act and severity of the punishment, perpetrated by the Captain, and apparent in the minds of every private in the camp.

If we resisted as a whole, or protested individually, against such brutal treatment, it was insubordination, and the same penalty, or a worse form of punishment, would be meted out to us, an entire command, or in such individual case at Stokes' pleasure and, own served will. There was no more songs. The surroundings were indeed gloomy. Everything in our line of daily routine of camp duties was done mechanically.

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"That it is a long lane which has no turning".

"And, every dog has his day, and mine will ocome by and by."

Not a hint of the affair to Ford or the subject ever spoken of between ourselves, or alluded to by some one of the boys, or if any one was inclined to talk about the transaction. he was stopped, or turned the subject into some other channel. There was a delicacy in this mode of suffering, surpassing a soldiers roughness, not to mention among the other camp happenings the exhibit, of Ford walking his beat "carry the rail".

And I thought over the situation with all our other increasing hardships of this one mans tyranny and brutal treatment to continue, for two and a half years longer.

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From that time onward, I began to study some means of quitting this servile service, and resolved, as an American Citizen, born of free white

Parents of the North, not to submit to this manner of punishment, for I was liable in case of a mishap to me, to protect against such treatment; with my ideas of independence, before my brother; and, the entire camp, and in consequence he, and I be disgraced.

About this time after our horses had been revomed, from the old to the new picket lines, alongside, on either side of the guns: swing to the heavy rains, and the constant use of the leather halter straps, they had become hard and shrunken, and very difficult to fasten, a tie, to the rope lines, that would hold securely, so that many of the horses, during the day, would unloosen their straps by constant friction. Once the animal loose, he began to race up and down, and around, the entire camping ground, to the dismay of the corporal of the guard, and the chagrin of the sergeant, to whose section the horses belonged. And to the honor of the discharge of his duty; the officer of the day--if the Captain was in camp.

To such an extent, the unloosing of the halter straps, that astray animals had become of daily occurence.

The names of the postilions to whom the horses belonged as soon as the horse was loose, was called and by the corporal of the guard; and he was required to assist the guard in catching the astray. And to many, a severe punishment had been given to each unfortunate.

One day I was called. Pach my horses were loose.

Fortunate for me I was in camp, and responded quickly, but with all my efforts, and by help and aid of the guard it was a long time before I succeeded in returning them to the picket line. and not till a great extent of the soft earth of the camp was trodden over and the team more lively became better kept, than all the other artillery horses, had become completely exhausted

in their wild capers in and out of camp. After I had hitched them up and been shown by the stable sergeant a new tie, that would hold the leather halter straps to the picket rope, I went to my tent, and reported to our sergeant, that my horses had been astray, which information was unnecessary, as all in camp new of the event, and I told him, I was ready to receive my punishment 50

I had made up my mind. I would willingly submit with the others to a reasonable chastisement, if in this matter it was a negligence, or fault of mine, but, I also thought, if the "rail treatment or any other harsh treatment, was to be meted out, to one, I would protest in the ranks. Captain, or no Captain--Brother, or no brother, Insubordination or no insubordination.

The sergeant quickly made off to the Captains tent, to make known my offense. He returned shortly, and without giving me details said he had no orders to give me from the Captain. 51

I was surprised and supposed my case would be disposed of at once, and thought then, by the sergeants appearance the matter would be held over me, for some future punishment.

I was not reprimanded at the time, nor punished afterward, like the other offenders, the subject was never mentioned subsequently.

As this camp episode turned out, there was no more punishments meted, and ~~KKK~~ to the unfortunate postilions, when their horses went astray, or ran amuck.

And I was glad that my horses broke loose, and enabled also to recover them without saying to themselves, and establish a new order of treatment to my fellows. It will ~~xxx~~ always be a mystery to me how those two halter straps should have become untied at once, and both be unloosed at the same ~~see~~ moment. My idea at the time of this incident, some one helped to see me get into trouble, or possibly to establish a precedent. I was gladdened if by this means, while I was an offender, as the matter turned 52

out, there was no more of this unfair punishment given to us drivers.

As a help in my case to be releived of this growing dislike of the Battery service. I had great hopes in the Stokes letter of recommendation given me without solicitation, of which I have made mention in these notes.

It was given me after a long, exhaustive and successful report, I 53
had made for him writing up the accounts, after the battle; and disposing of large amounts of worn battery equipage, and equipment having been duly accounted for, that convenient form of disposal in army circles; "lost in action"

This report gave him a clean and new record with the Department. Also enabled him to gain many favors, with establishing him in the Generals scheme of the Horse Artillery Company. But I heard nothing from this letter, which was in the hands of my friends.

I afterward tried other means, (which will be better than to anticipate) and place the record, as its own history will show in the place where it belongs.

To return to Ford, and follow such history. The boys as I have said 54
by their natural delicacy, never among themselves, mentioned this punishment.

Ford I think never recovered from this treatment, and to this day, if he is alive, possibly can be traced his helplessness in the world of light and sunshine of which he is deprived to the effect of this attack on his entire nervous system. He was discharged with the rest of us soldiers, at the end of our enlistment, and emigrated to the West, where he eventually married, He became blind.

Came on here and with a hand organ, his wife, and two children, sang and played in the Streets of Chicago; these same old Army tunes we sung together while he played the banjo, before his festive escape, when singing in the

street his sign on his person, was "A member of the Chicago Board of Trade
Battery,"

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Smith Randolph, and others, interested themselves in his behalf, and
he and his family were taken off the street. He is now cared for at Takoma
Park near Washington D.C.

Yours,

S. C. Stevens